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# THE HISTORY AND DEVELOPMENT OF RACES.

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## ANNUAL ADDRESS

BEFORE THE

# STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

OF WISCONSIN,

*Tuesday Evening, Feb. 23, 1869.*

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BY HON. HARLOW S. ORTON. 1817-  
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On motion of Hon. H. D. BARRON, in the Assembly, February 24th, 1869, it was

*"Resolved by the Assembly, the Senate concurring,* That the State printer be, and he hereby is directed to print 1,500 copies in pamphlet form of the annual address delivered before the State Historical Society by Hon. HARLOW S. ORTON; 1,000 to be distributed to the members of the Legislature, by the Secretary of the State Historical Society, and 500 for distribution by the Society."



## THE HISTORY AND DEVELOPMENT OF RACES.

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It has been said that "History is Philosophy teaching by example," and from the history of nations past and present, without respect to geographical location, form of government, or the operation of mere physical causes, certain important and invariable principles, so general as to have become inherent and controlling laws in shaping and directing the current progress and final destiny of nations, are educed and established.

The diligent and interested explorer among the sparse and doubtful materials, exhumed from the buried and forgotten past, as among the superabundant and confused mass of facts and events of later and remembered times, cannot but have discovered the existence of these immutable principles, the knowledge of which casts so much light upon the otherwise dark and mysterious mazes of history. The moral, intellectual and physical qualities and manifestations constitute individual and personal character. These qualities and manifestations, when aggregated and controlled by the domestic, social and political relations, constitute the character of society and the state. The first is Biography, the latter History. "It is not good for man to be alone," is a Divine decree. To be solitary, is to be selfish. To be exiled or imprisoned from human society, is the direst punishment that can be inflicted on living man. Absolute misanthropy promotes the growth of all the lower and meaner propensities of the animal nature, and in time merges the *human* into the *bestial*, until the wild man becomes an unnatural monster, more repulsive and terrible than a ferocious beast of prey, by reason of his superiority

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in intellectual sagacity and physical perfection, bereft of every moral trait and amiable quality—at once the terror and the aversion of the world.

Individuality becomes intensified by solitude and separation, and personal identity and isolation become as distinct and well defined as the forms and boundaries of atomic matter.

As in the mysterious laboratory of nature, material particles are marshalled into distinct forms, affinities and relations, and these harmonious combinations forming still grander and greater unity, make the crowning majesty and beauty of the material universe, evolving ever varying yet concordant progression and perpetuity, so man, individual man, in proximity and neighborhood with his fellow men in the organized structures of society and government, held by the self-imposed restraints of a common political system, where “all join to guard, what each desires to gain,” merges his personal identity and selfishness into the grander proportions of a national character, contributing to fill a wider space in the successive periods and the complicated yet harmonious and philosophical annals of history.

Man “struts his brief hour upon the stage and then is heard no more,” and so with nations. They pass in hurried succession across the stage of history, perform their comedies and tragedies in the world's great play, as in dramatic fiction. The greatest players in the higher characters, achieve a fame, that may in a few instances survive the present, and pass to the memory of a future time, while the stock actors and supernumeraries, and their minor parts are forgotten.

Each succeeding tidal century, like the ocean wave, obliterates the traces and buries up the scattered relics of the past. How much of civilization and refinement, of religion and philosophy, of arts and literature, among the nations of antiquity, whose high achievements, power, greatness, and glory, made the brightest epochs of ages and ages long past, have been entirely erased from the earth, as if never existing, with not a

single monument or inscription or memorial, to indicate even the place or the ages of their existence.

How *little* to know, how *much* to conjecture, of the entire Western Hemisphere, anterior to the time of European settlement! Who can unlock the mystic temples of the Sun, or construct the magnificent architecture, decipher the cabilistic letters of an unknown tongue, now scattered in rich fragments and confused ruins over the plains of Mexico and Peru? Long ages of barbarism, successive races of people, whose origin and history are doubtfully preserved in wild and incredible tradition, have long since destroyed nearly every trace of American antiquities. *Geologically* it is the *oldest* division of the solid earth, but *historically* it is indeed but the *New World*, and its discovery has only consisted of so much geographical surface, in possession of a wandering and irresponsible race of savages, but little above the wild beasts, among which they roam, and upon which they prey and subsist.

Even in the East, the place that conjecture has assigned as the cradle and infancy of the human race, the period of credible history, is circumscribed by the horizon of a few centuries with only just enough of historical mention by the oldest chroniclers, and just enough of the broken arches and crumbling walls and faded hieroglyphics, scattered here and there over the surface, where their mighty cities lie buried, to excite the curiosity and wonder of modern times. The ardent and devoted antiquary of our age, will endure the perils of sea and land, hunger, thirst, sickness and death, in defiance of hostile climates, and savage tribes of people, to explore the sepulchres and ruined cities, the pillars and pyramids, the broken columns and capitals, the symbolical characters and the defaced yet enduring sculpture of nations, whose name and glory only yet linger on the fast fading confines of history, if possible to throw some feeble rays of light into the impenetrable darkness of the past. The waters of the Ganges, the Euphrates, the Nile, the Adriatic, and the Mediterranean, have

long since swallowed up and swept away nearly the last vestiges of mighty nations, whose wide-spread commerce they once floated to interchanging markets, and whose shores were once rich in agriculture and husbandry, and the highest achievements of art and architecture. Even the age and duration of the earth, and the length of time it has been peopled by our race, are problems that must forever remain unsolved, and the formerly accepted chronologies and genealogies, are now reasonably questioned by the ethnological discoveries and discussions of our time. The world is not known to have had any historian until MOSES, and it is to be presumed that the history of his own peculiar people, then long in bondage to the Egyptians, had to be gathered from the scattered, questionable, contradictory, vague, indistinct and marvelous traditions and fables, handed down from early and romantic times by family recital and narrative, and we find the same or a similar account of the creation, the origin, transgression and dispersion of our race, and the general deluge, in the mythology of nearly all the nations of antiquity. I know of no reason why his account of times long anterior to his own age, resting in mere tradition, should be more reliable than the conceded fabulous legends of HOMER or HESIOD, of STRABO or HERODOTUS. There is no known portion of the globe that does not bear the indelible foot-prints of our race, and vestiges of his occupancy and habitation, and often in greater numbers and of a much higher type of civilization, than at present, without respect to latitude or climate. The crust of the entire earth is mingled and assimilated with the dissolved and disorganized remains of the billions and billions of human bodies, once clothed in habiliments of life, energy and action, and invested with mysterious capabilities of the immortal soul; playing their several parts in the great dramas of history, and leaving no records or mementos of their lives deeds or nationalities, and no monuments of their deaths or burials. In ages long ago, even anterior to our traditional history, our race may have had a com-

mon type, and a common language, and may have attained the highest perfection in the science of government, in moral and social purity and enjoyment, in learning, literature, philosophy and art, and the highest point of national greatness and aggrandizement, and yet all trace of such a condition be now lost forever. It is not at all improbable—no more improbable, than the known fact that many of the highest of the useful arts and discoveries in science, of which the evidence only remains, in the imperishable monuments they have reared, to mock and tantalize the greatest efforts of modern genius and discovery, *can never be restored.*

Every year the researches of the antiquarian philosopher are rewarded by the discovery of buried cities, sculptured tablets, and the relics of wealth and magnificence, and the ornaments and utensils of common life, with which is still preserved the alphabet of a lost language, affording indisputable evidence of the rise, prosperity and greatness, the gradual decadence and final fall and extermination of the most polished, cultivated and powerful nations, whose names and existence, and every incident of their history, have perished from the memory of our race for thirty or forty centuries. We have only recently discovered, by violating the sanctity of the sepulchre, that along the classic Tiber, and over the far-famed and beautiful plains, and vine-clad hills of Tuscany, where mighty Rome had the seat of her power, and achieved her highest greatness and glory; the empire whose early history is already unknown, and traced by even her own historians, who wrote her annals centuries ago, into the mystic and obscure fables of her mythology—there once ruled and reigned the mighty nation of Umbrians, who built magnificent cities, had an unrivalled commerce, were greatly distinguished in architecture, sculpture and painting, in science, literature and law, centuries and centuries before ROMULUS and REMUS were suckled by the fabled wolf, or THESEUS was miraculously conceived by the virgin daughter of PYTHEUS, in answer to the responsive oracle of Delphi.

Even ancient Rome was built upon the ruins, and her mighty nations learned their arts among the tombs of the still more ancient Etruscans. Over the whole of Tuscany and along the northern banks of the Tiber, magnificent Etruscan cities once stood of the highest architectural splendor, whose unrivalled trade, commerce and agriculture gave employment to one of the most highly civilized, the most intelligent and cultivated, and most populous nations of the Old World. The remains of their proud walls, their well paved roads, their admirable systems of drainage and tunneling, and of their decorative art, bear abundant testimony of their ancient glory; and their sepulchres, with which almost every range of her cliffs were lined, and her millions of tombs, now hidden beneath the soil, still bear record that here one of the most populous of nations lived and died. Their manners and national customs, modes of life and religious observances, their artistic development, and almost their intellectual ideas can be known by their ruins and relics; far more, in this way at any rate, than by the meagre and fragmentary records met with in the Greek and Roman writers of antiquity. Not even the Greeks or the Romans, with all their boasted learning, had any knowledge whatever of their language, which now exists only in its alphabet, found in one of the Etruscan tombs.

How exceedingly little can we know of the past history of our race, even in the stages of its highest development! How few the relics, and scanty the details, of their national and individual life to tantalize the most searching inquiries into the history of the world! How long, through what unnumbered ages man has lived, in changing governments and ever shifting forms of social affinities, and achieved grandeur and glory, long before the period of historical conjecture, that pales and dwindles the mightiest prodigies, and the supposed unrivalled progress of our own boasted times, whose short historical annals are already lost in the rude antiquities of a few hundred years ago!

Around the beautiful and indented bays and over the classic



islands, that join the waters of the Mediterranean and the Tuscan seas, along the bold cliffs of the Adriatic, the Ionian and Ægian, the Phœnician and the Chaldean and other unknown nations founded their mighty empires, that flourished through long ages of time, co-eval with the earliest traditional history of the Israelites. Who can trace these mighty, populous and cultivated nations to their primeval source? Who built the vast and wonderful cities of Tyre and Sidon, of Memphis and Persepolis? Where was the cradle of their arts, and where the first discoveries of their science and philosophy? Who were the Tyrhenians, the Lygurians, the Pelasgians, the Dorians the Achæans, the Phocians and the numberless nations and tribes celebrated in history? Whence came the various systems of philosophy and religion, the mystic rites and renowned oracles, that made famous the sacred groves, and the holy mountains of Parnassus, Olympus, Ossa, Pelion and Cæta? Where did THALES and PYTHAGORAS obtain their learning and philosophy, and where did the blind HOMER catch the inspirations and write his immortal epic? Even in those distant ages their own history and origin were so wholly lost that the most credible of their historians are compelled to trace their lineage to the very gods, and attribute the birth of their ancestors to miracle. One thing is certain, the Greeks made slaves of people once of far greater national renown than their own, and the early Romans improved their blood by forced intermarriage with the Sabines, and both nations were too proud and haughty to preserve the history of the nations whence they sprung, and amid the ruins of whose mighty cities they sought to reconstruct from the relics of former ages, a civilization that would eclipse, but in fact failed to even rival their great and splendid originals.

Without pursuing further, at this time, this theme, so unpleasant and unsatisfactory to the student of history, by reason of the perished records and uncertain data, to guide him in his researches, but furnishing abundant evidence of

a much longer existence of the human race than we have any adequate conception or credible history, either sacred or profane, I will notice for a short time, two most remarkable characteristics, that stand out prominently in the known as well as unknown history of our race—I mean its types and languages. A consideration of these most important particulars opens a wide and inviting field of research and investigation to the ethnologist and antiquarian philosopher—a vast and comprehensive subject, on which volumes have been written, and may still be written, which I have barely time to notice here, and only to illustrate the view already taken, and if possible, to disclose two main principles of historical philosophy that have given direction to the courses and currents of the history of the past.

As long ago, as we have any knowledge of mankind, they have been divided into distinct and well defined physical types and races; and if we accept the theory, that they had a common origin, which I do not doubt, it is most certain, that these types and peculiarities have not been formed during the long period of which we have any historical account.

It must have required long ages, we know not how long, by being confined to a particular country and latitude, by uninterrupted non-intercourse, without any infusion of foreign blood, by a perfect homogeneousness, by a long continued and unbroken line of genealogical affinity, to beget the characteristics of consanguinity and family kindred, and to establish a fixed and permanent type, and distinct race of men.

Take the Ethiopian, inhabiting the central and western portions of Africa, south of the Great Desert, how marked his peculiarity in color, form and feature, so familiar to us, that we need not go far to study his ethnological relations to the human race. Yes, he is a man and a brother, but what a lapse of time must have swept over his jungle home in Africa, whose heated and unhealthy climate and tropical latitude have protected him from foreign intermixture, to have



made him so physically dissimilar, in all ages and times, of which we have any knowledge, and the non-resisting victim of rapacity and oppression, to his more perfectly formed, more vigorous, yet, perhaps, more wicked brother.

The oldest historians throw no light upon his dark and unknown origin, and we know he has not changed in any respect, for long ages before the Carthaginian invasion of Africa. A perfect delineation of his form and features, and his condition of slavery, is found to have been rudely but correctly pictured on Egyptian, Chaldean and Etruscan monuments, over three thousand years ago. He must, some time, have borne the common type of our race in color and conformation.

That he now bears his own well marked and peculiar type, so different from any other division of the human race, may well account for his deterioration in the human scale, for we will find that every nation, in ancient or modern times, which has been kept exclusive enough, and long enough in one geographical locality, and without foreign intermixture, to assume a peculiar type or resemblance, has in just the proportion their physical peculiarities become fixed and remarkable, fallen into human inferiority, and accomplished but little, if anything, of national progress and advancement.

The history of the world, dubious and fragmentary as it is, illustrates this general law of our being, positive and unexceptional:—that the highest developement of our species, the culture of its faculties, and the dominion of its powers over the kingdoms of nature, are achieved only by the commingling in civil society of apparently diverse, remote, antagonistic national characteristics, but not by forming a too great homogenousness or common type. Like the intermarriage of family kindred, it deteriorates the race, and this is the only way a national type is begotten. It is family relationship on a large and national scale, so long kept from intermixture as to establish an unquestionable consanguinity.

The Mongolian type or race has nearly as distinct and well-

marked characteristics as the African. We find him unmixed in the north of Asia, the wild and wandering Tartar, with his copper colored skin, his black, coarse hair, long forehead, small black eyes sunk deeply into his head, broad face, high cheek bones, arched legs, large feet, but small hands. Wherever we find him, he is the same, in any part of Asia, mixed with the Chinese, the Turks, the Arabs or the Hindoos, still the Tartar.

There has been much written and much labored argument to prove that the Indian of North America differs from the Indian of South and Central America, and that both must have come from Southern Asia, or even that they are the descendants of the lost tribes of Israel. Their type is unquestionably the pure type of the Tartar, and they are all alike, from the Esquimaux, with his body shortened by the bleak and almost perpetual winter of the North, to the gigantic proportions of the Patagonian, in the region of Cape Horn, all alike with every peculiarity of the Tartar, only differing in social customs adapted to the peculiar climates and countries they inhabit. They are nomadic and tribal, and their government patriarchal, and they submit to the chief or sheik; use similar weapons, the spear, bow and arrow and war club,—the Tartar transferred across the forty miles of Behring's Strait, from the tents and herds in the vast plains of Tartary, to the dense forests, wild game, and wigwams of North America. When IVAN, of Russia, conquered the wild tribes of the Tartars in Siberia, in the 15th century, they were found there of precisely the same habits of the North American Indian, and lived by the chase in the wilderness, and constantly at war with each other.

But these Tartar Indians are by no means even the kindred or descendants of those exterminated and lost races, that away back in remote ages built and left the vast cities and fortifications and sculptured monuments, bearing inscriptions in a lost language, now feebly traced in the scattered ruins overgrown by the mighty forests of the Western Continent.

In Biblical history, we learn much on this question in the history of the Israelites. The Jews were a peculiar people, and by their government and laws were prohibited from intercourse and intermarriage with other nations, and neither at home nor abroad, by invasion or captivity, was their pure lineage and unmixed blood ever corrupted. And yet in all the six thousand years of Bible chronology, we have no reason to doubt they have borne a peculiar type, and were distinguished by it among the nations of remote antiquity, as much as they are still among all the nations, and in the foreign and remote countries, through which they have been scattered and dispersed—and until their dispersion as a nation, they certainly accomplished but little in comparison with the great and historical nations of the East.

It required the repeated interposition of Heaven, by revelation, miracles and prophecy throughout their recorded history to prevent them from lapsing into barbarism and idolatry, effeminacy and slavery. They have left no monuments to record and perpetuate their civilization, their arts or their learning. Their one magnificent city and the central capital of their power, still stands a mournful ruin, without the sacred temple of their religion, around which it was built, and their beautiful land of the palm, the fig and the vine, with all the holy places of the old and new religions, is in possession of the wild, dissolute and feeble Tartars, Turks and Arabs, who live by pillage, robbery and plunder. Since the dispersion of the Jews, they have of course borne a prominent part in making the history of almost all the modern nations.

I have nothing to say against the Jews as a people, or their religion. They have always manifested among all nations, and especially in our own, signal patriotism, great enterprise, and the very highest qualities, intellectual, moral, social, domestic and political, but their exclusiveness in marriage is, in my opinion, a violation of the natural law, and hostile to individual and natural progress and elevation, and will most cer-

tainly make more and more prominent and indelible the peculiarities of the Jewish type and race as time rolls on. I mention this type, with others more or less prominent in other nations, to illustrate that great principle of historical philosophy which I have mentioned.

The Malay type, illustrated by the Chinese, the Japanese, and the Hindoo, is not so remarkable as that of African and Mongolian, and for the only reason that so long a time has not elapsed since they have been exclusive and homogeneous; and by the invasion of stronger nations, they have from time to time become intermixed and improved. When the wandering and conquering tribes of northern and central Asia first coalesced and crystalised into nations, for a few centuries, they were vigorous and enterprising and made astonishing progress in arts and learning, and produced great statesmen, military heroes, and a splendid line of kings—and were distinguished for philosophers and teachers of religion, science and ethics; and the immortal CONFUCIUS stands high in bold relief above the dismal vista of their intervening history to rival SOCRATES and PLATO. They constructed mighty internal improvements, long canals, and the great wall. But when they became nationally exclusive and shut out from intercourse with other nations, they began to assume their peculiar type of race—maintaining a nationality, and having a continuous and written history it is true, and making, perhaps, some progress in political science, but retrograding in every thing else. What a history, or rather what a blank in history, is here presented! How dull and monotonous! How barren of incidents and events! How lifeless, stagnant and improgressive! A vast plane without a mountain or a valley—without a monument or a landmark. No improvement in language or literature, modes of agriculture or mechanical arts—still reading the books and practicing the arts of antiquity, without the genius to invent, or energy to execute, any thing new, or give any evi-

dence of progress. And their improvements of antiquity are goin to ruin and decay.

Old Spain, of all modern nations, affords us the most complete and suggestive illustration of the present subject of our discussion.

In the 8th century, the time of the Moorish invasion, the people of that accessible and unguarded peninsula, were the freest, most prosperous, and most cultivated in Europe. They had rescued and preserved the best civil laws and institutions, and the matured fruits of the learning and culture, of Republican and Imperial Rome, which had then fallen into ruins, and been parceled out among her barbarian conquerors. Civilization and refinement seemed to have left the historic hills crowned with the magnificent but fast-decaying temples of an extinguished nationality, and to have nestled for a time, in the rich and beautiful valleys of the Pyrenees and Andalusia. The Moorish invasion only seemed to exhilarate and energise the elements of their growth and development, and impel them onward in that career of civic and martial grandeur and glory that afterwards for centuries made all the Christian and Saracenic world of Europe and Asia look with wonder and admiration upon their deeds of arms, gallantry and magnanimity; and here was the first beginning of the age of Chivalry, and finally Spain culminated, when FERDINAND and ISABELLA drove the Moor from the Alhambra, collected the grand divisions of Leon, Castile, Arragon, Andalusia and Granada into a consolidated monarchy, and sent COLUMBUS away to the West, to discover America. Who were these people? Who was the proud and polished Spaniard? Who the high-toned and haughty Castilian, that boasted his pure lineage and unmixed blood? Yes, who was he, but the descendant of the Carthaginian and the Roman, the Celtic Iberian and the Visgoth, with complexion bronzed, and eye darkened by slight intermixture with the Mahomedan Tartar?

HALLAM says, "nothing can be more obscure than

the beginnings of those little states, which were formed in Navarre, and the country of SOPRARBE. On both sides of the Pyrenees dwelt an aboriginal people, the last to undergo the yoke, and who had never acquired the language of Rome. We know little of these intrepid mountaineers, in the dark period which elapsed under the Gothic and Frank dynasties, till we find them cutting off the rear guard of CHARLEMAGNE, and maintaining their independence against the Saracens." For a hundred years after the discovery of the Western Continent, Spain had consolidated and become a homogeneous people. She reaped the first harvests of her discoveries in the New World, and became the richest and the strongest power in Europe. She was now a parent country, and sent out her colonies to distant lands. She began to assume the Spanish type, and the Spaniard could be known the world over, by his physical peculiarity. She had virtually discovered, and was the first to plant, her colonies on the shores of South and Central America. She had reached the acme of her national glory. She passed on to the declining and decaying age of nations. She had arrived at her maturity, and peopled distant lands with her children, she must now fast sink down to the inevitable grave of nations. She dashed her so-called invincible armada upon the iron shores of England, as her last bold, desperate, but expiring struggle, and has since lain decrepit, supine and feeble with age, the sport and jeer of nations, mumbling, in bigotry and superstition, and gnashing her toothless gums in harmless persecution, and now "the most revolting picture in the book of time," the splendid historic name of ISABELLA is borne by the bleared, blotched, corrupted, and incestuous remnant of the last of Spanish queens, a despised and accursed fugitive from her throne, and her kingdom given up to faction.

All agree that this sad spectacle of national decline, is attributable to that intense homogeneousness, which results from a general consanguinity, interbred persistently from generation



to generation from the Hidalgo to the peasant, instigated by the proud jealousy of maintaining the pure currents of Castilian blood from the supposed taint of foreign intermixture.

The obvious lesson to be learned from this glance at Spanish history, is the one indicated by our subject, viz: That so long as a nation is receiving the rich infusion of foreign and colonial blood, assimilating it by the rejuvenating energies of its national life, it achieves its highest development and destiny; and when it ceases to receive these life-giving currents, and is shut up to an unnatural intermarriage and proud or selfish exclusiveness to itself alone, until the beggar has royal blood, and the prince is cousin to the beggar, it falls into necessary decline.

Not only is it necessary and indispensable to a high condition of national prosperity and success, that apparently foreign and remote sources should contribute to the reservoir of national life and character, but that these sources should be at least as high as, if not higher than, the place where they discharge their generous currents. If all the divisions of our race were equal, physically and intellectually, then the interchange would injure none, and improve all alike. But we have seen that this is not now the condition of the human race. Many grand divisions of it have dwindled by the violation of this great natural law of life, into the lowest possible types and forms of humanity by long centuries of homogeneous exclusiveness, and it will take many centuries of wisely adapted and philosophical means of intercommunication and admixture to obliterate the type, and elevate these races to their pristine and original God-given image. It is not easy to repair and restore that which has been lost by long ages of transgression of so high and imperative a law as that which was ordained when God made of one blood all nations of the earth.

If history teaches us anything upon this subject it is the same lesson we learn from an observation of nature's invariable

law, that an engrafting upon the healthy and vigorous stock of nations of scions of meaner growth and of lower type, will degrade the higher far more than it will improve the lower. Indeed it is very questionable whether the lower will be improved at all.

Old Spain has tried the experiment—her Castilian blood has been freely mingled again with the type of the Tartar, lower than the Moor of Granada, or the Indian races of Mexico, Central and South America. The result is, a mixed or mestizo race, lower and more degraded by far than the native Indian, without the remotest prospect of the production of a higher type. She has thus entailed a blighting curse upon the fairest and richest portions of that New World she first discovered and colonized, and now presents to the world the two fold and monstrous national distortion of having acquired an indelible type by consanguinity at home, and degraded even that type by an unwise and unnatural intermixture abroad. “Ye cannot gather grapes from thorns nor figs from thistles.”

What we call the Caucasian race, is no type; it is the original, the primeval race, the most perfect form of physical beauty, symmetry and proportion—the crowning work of the creation, and the worthy cabinet of the Divinity that stirs within it.

Throughout the long ages that have elapsed since the creation, it has guarded itself from retrogression in all the mutations of history, and the rise and fall of nations, by that grand law of intermixture with the strong and vigorous elements of national life, always kept and preserved somewhere on the earth, sufficiently remote and progressive to keep far apart by time and space the fountains of kindred blood, which by its own inherent power and energy, marches and counter marches, again and again, into commingling currents, elaborating the perpetual similitude, yet nicely formed variety, of the perfect human race, that in all ages has achieved all there is in history, all there is in human advancement and culture, all there



is in the wonderful productions of intellect and genius, all there is or ever has been of art, science, literature, law or religion.

This race has always held, and always will hold, the favored places of the globe, in latitude and land, in climate and productions best adapted to itself, for it holds the earth in command and has the intelligence to choose, and the will and power to possess, and hold long enough to work out the great problems of national progression and destiny.

This race, *our* race, is restless, moving, colonizing, exploring, discerning, warlike, conquering, improving, progressive.

They coalesce into nations naturally, and by force of the inherent affinities of genius and taste, energy and enterprise, ethical philosophy and religion, and rise to the ever higher and higher consummation of national wealth, civilization refinement and grandeur. They construct the most perfect and the freest of civil governments, and retain them unchanged, in the cardinal and underlying principles of their organic structure until they arrive at the highest national maturity, become crowded for space in which to exert the full measure of their energies and enterprise—explore, and if need be, conquer distant lands held by feeble races, send out their swarming colonies, and again and again repeat, only varied by improvement and progress, their own great historic parallels of the past.

All the greatness and glory of antiquity, reflected in the still splendid and mighty ruins and monuments scattered in their yet unobscured national pathway, belonged exclusively to our Caucasian race; and all the strong, and all the free governments, all the achievements of art and enterprise, of science literature and religion that engross and fill up the pages of modern history, and make the present age the most splendid and glorious in the grand cycles of revolving time, and crown with beatitude the ethnological obedience to the imperative laws of national life and development, are Caucasian. Our own people, here in this new and favored field of national experi-

ment, apparently of diverse origin and nationality, who have accomplished so much within a single century as to have become the wonder of the world, and who represent, in my opinion, the very highest and most perfect development of our race, have no obscure or doubtful genealogical derivation ; and the most interesting part of my subject would be, if time would permit, to trace the well defined yet meandering currents of our national blood away back, and upward amid the storm-clouds and mountain altitudes of antiquity, to their dim and misty sources. If there was not a single scrap of written history to give us a clue to our origin, or guide us on our way, the form and structure of language, systems of philosophy and religion, household words, songs, nursery tales, traditional manners and customs, civil institutions and policies, mental processes and methods of thought, and physical conformation and complexion, would furnish to the philosophical historian, the amplest and most infallible data in his pleasing and instructive exploration into the past history of our own race. Here we enter upon an almost limitless field of inquiry, with such a profusion of material that only a mere glance at the subject can be taken on this occasion. This address is not intended so much to give instruction, as to be suggestive merely of the subjects noticed, and to incite reading and inquiry, and indicate subjects of thought and reflection, vastly important practically, as well as a curious ethnological investigation for our time. Nearly all of the original and radical words of the modern languages of Europe are replete with history, and by late philological investigations are found to be cognate. If the neological additions to these languages, made since the 10th century, were taken away, they would be substantially the same languages with different dialects only, and these dialects no more distinctive than those of ancient Greece or modern England. In the absence of all credible history as to the origin or condition, geographical location or migration of the tribes and peoples from which we derive our own extraction, before the

10th century, we are left to the analogies of languages mainly, and to these other general similarities incidentally, to determine our national affinities and derivation. The Roman writers since CÆSAR and TACITUS did not trouble themselves about those mysterious Gælic and Gothic tribes swarming in the North any further than to abuse and traduce them as vandals and barbarians, and even CÆSAR and TACITUS give us no account or conjecture of their origin. It is surprising to us, that in an age so learned and cultivated, so abounding with historians and philosophers, that neither Greece nor Rome ever made the least intelligent inquiry into the origin of races or their geographical or historical relationship, and that they should have left the origin of their own boasted nationalities shrouded in the darkness of fable and mythology.

It may be that books were written upon this and kindred subjects, by the ancients, which have been destroyed, for the Christian world is compelled to confess, that in the early and superstitious age of the church, through a bigotry worse than vandalism, the books and writings of the Roman and Grecian authors, were frequently and indiscriminately destroyed as profane; and that any have been saved is attributable to the fact that some monkish lover of letters valued ancient learning and literature higher than Christian creeds, and the learned and philosophical writers of Pagan times, than the coarse and ignorant fathers of the church.

In attempting to trace the history of our race by its language, it cannot be expected in this short compass that the thousands of original words that are radically the same in all the nations which sprung from the same source can be mentioned, and for the present purpose it is unnecessary. In remote times the Phœnicians were the most celebrated people on earth. They built splendid cities, were great navigators, had an extended trade and commerce and an alphabetical language. At what period of the world's history they became the leading people of the earth in letters, arts and architecture, in trade, commerce

and navigation it is impossible to know, but it must have been long anterior to the gathering together of the Grecian states. The Greeks were unquestionably their descendants, preserved their language and systems of religion, and maintained, in modified forms, their principles of civil government.

NEPTUNE with his trident was a Phœnician god, sure evidence that they were emphatically the navigators and discoverers of the ancient world.

They emanated from the country lying south-east of the Euxine sea, and on the head waters of the Euphrates and along the base of the Caucasian mountains, a salubrious climate, and a rough but productive country. The name given to that region by the most ancient mention of it in history, is significant, "Iberus." In the first exploration of the Spanish peninsula by the Greeks and Romans, a river was found called by the native inhabitants "Iberus," afterwards "Celtiberus." It is remarkable that all the tribes of people found outside the dominions of Greece, Rome, Persia and Egypt, whose origin at that time was unknown, were called Gallicæ or Gauls, Celticæ or Celts, and Scythians, and these names are of the same signification, meaning people in the woods or wilds.

Knowing now that the Greeks descended from the Phœnicians, we say they also had a Celtic origin, and that their language is Celt. The Phœnician navigators undoubtedly found their way through the straits of Hercules, and planted a colony on the river Iberus, and the inhabitants from that time were called Celtiberians, and their early language was similar to the Greek. They then coasted along the shores of France, and left a colony in Brittany and the Armenian dialect of that region is still the Celtic. Another colony was formed by the same bold navigators and traders on the coast of Cornwall, in England or Britain, as also in Wales, where that original Celtic tongue is still spoken in its original purity. Ireland and the coast of Scotland were also visited by them as favored places of trade and colonization, and the Milesians were probably of the same race or

people who invaded Ireland a few hundred years afterwards. They also colonized the north-western coast of Norway, as we learn from the ancient sagas. In returning from the German ocean, through the British Channel, they also planted a colony in Denmark, and their descendents there were subsequently called Cimbrians as were their descendents in Wales called Cambrians, names of the same origin and meaning.

These currents of emigration can be conclusively traced by the Celtic or Phœnician alphabet and language. The Scots or Scotii were Celts, and it is in fact the same meaning "woodsman," and the same race.

The original country of Iberus was afterwards and is still called Armenia, and we know that the Armenian language is cognate to our own, in its original form and structure, more even than the Greek or the Roman. The Roman language is a derivative from the Greek, with the forms of some of the letters changed only, and with different affixes and prefixes, and pronunciation of the original words.

Then so far we have the Iberians of Caucasus, the Phœnicians on the Eastern coast of the Mediterranean, the Greeks and Romans, and also the Carthaginians who were known to have been Phœnician colonists, the settlements along the Atlantic coast of Europe on the British Islands and in ancient Scandinavia, were the same people, with same language and of similar conformation, complexion and temperament. Next we will enquire, who were the numerous tribes and people who passed with the ancients by the general names of Scythians and Gauls? All the unknown country beyond the Euxine and Caspian seas, was called Scythia, whether in Europe or Asia. Who were these Scythians? Is it to be supposed that the Iberians or the Phœnicians, which is the same thing, were such bold and enterprising navigators and explorers as to visit the remote places I have mentioned on the Atlantic, and did not navigate these inland seas lying contiguous to their territories, and the great rivers coming into them from the North and West, the Danube, the Dneiper, the Don and the Volga?

We know from history that DARIUS, the Persian King, once invaded Scythia on the Danube, and was unable to penetrate far into the country, against the numerous and warlike inhabitants. They taught the Persian King the futility of his invasion of their country unless his soldiers could swim like a fish, fly like a bird, creep through the bushes like a mouse, and escape the arrows of the Scythians. These Persian invaders gave the same account of the appearance of the people, their modes of warfare, their habits, customs and language, as the Roman invaders did, nearly a thousand years afterwards. It is sufficient, that these people were all called Scythians, the other name for Celts. They spread all over Europe by these rivers and their tributaries, and over the western portion of Asia. They navigated the Baltic Sea and spread over Scandinavia, and for centuries held undisputed possession of the richest portions of Europe and Asia, and again met and commingled with their Celtic kindred along the coast of the Atlantic. They were the tribes that formed the first civil governments, rude it may be, but protective of liberty, in Germany, France, Spain, Russia, the British Islands and Scandinavia, and who by the invasion of the Roman army were invited back again to the shores of the Mediterranean, and swept away like an avalanche, the foundations of Roman power and dominion.

The Romans gave many of these tribes names significant of their peculiarities, or geographical location. The Germans, the Gauls, the Franks, the Saxons, the Phrygians, the Teutons, the Cimbrians, the Jutes, the Angles, the Northumbrians, the Burgundians, the Northmen or Normans, the Goths, the Vandals, the Huns, the Selavonians, the Britons, the Picts, Scots and Hibernians, and many other titles, but by the description of TACITUS and CÆSAR, and other writers, all these tribes were essentially the same people, and had a similar language and civil institutions, and religious observances. In short, they were the Celtic tribes that centuries before had swarmed from the Caucasian hive and increased to numerous



tribes and nations and millions of people, the wonderful and irresistible barbarians of the North.

In time, these tribes invade England, the Phrygians, Saxons, and Angles in the South, and the Danes in the North, and meet and mingle with the Celtic Britons, and form the British nation, true to their native proclivity to intermixture and improvement. About the same time they begin to intermix and establish nations all over Europe, and Europe becomes essentially Gothic, in language, in governments, laws, customs and architecture. They settle in Spain, as Vandals, and name the most beautiful portions of it Vandalusia or Andalusia, in Hungary as Huns, in Normandy as Normans, and in France as the Franks.

They have formed all the governments and institutions of modern times, revived the learning of the past, and made all the improvements and discoveries that render our era the most remarkable in the history of the world. In the 10th Century the Normans invade England and conquer their Saxon kindred and again intermix. Before leaving England, I cannot but notice an important incident somewhat illustrative of my subject. The PRINCE OF WALES, and heir to the British throne, is a striking illustration of a race run out, by consanguineous intermarriage, the feeble scion of the interbreeding House of Hanover. Either the Queen, God bless her, or some thoughtful, British statesman has married this effeminate Prince to one of the daughters of one of the Scandinavian sea-kings, and this infusion of vigorous blood will renew the lease of this royal line to the British throne.

In addition to the evidence already given of the original language of these tribes of the Celtic stock being still the same, only varied by dialectical differences, and retaining the radical elements of language easily traced, we have only to look upon the map of Europe and notice the termination of geographical names with the Phœnecian word "Berg," or "Burgh," or "Borough," they will find them in Russia and all other Euro-

pean countries. Besides, they have the familiar words father, mother, brother, sister, home, happiness, heaven, fire, stone, table, chair and hat, and hundreds of others common to all the languages of Europe as well as to the Armenian, the Greek and Roman.

While on this subject we must not forget to observe, that the highest evidence of the progress of our race consists in the increased volume and perfected system of our common languages, by the kindred nations of our stock.

The Greeks cultivated and improved their language by the addition of words and combinations to express their refinements of thought and literary excellence to a greater degree than any of the nations of antiquity—but they had only about 20,000 words. In our copious and cultivated English speech we have over 100,000 words, and many of the languages of the Continent are of nearly equal volume. This is evidence of a vast increase of ideas and of the necessities of verbal communication commensurate with the astonishing improvements of the age. Thus our languages are becoming more and more dissimilar. Already the immortal CHAUCER, the father of English literature, has to be read by English scholars by the aid of a Saxon dictionary, and it will not be long before the wonderful SHAKESPEARE will be unintelligible to the English speaking world. The time will come when the structure of all our now modern languages will be materially modified, and the original root of words difficult to find by the gradual changes in orthography and pronunciation, as well as in the use and meaning of even the original words of the Gothic stock. Investigation in philology is now commanding the time and attention of the greatest scholars of the age, and this interesting field of research should invite the labors of the learned before the means of a definite determination of the origin of modern languages and of their affinities shall have been lost or obscured by the silent but constant mutations effected by time and the changing conditions of nations.



The "Babel" of the the superstitious and credulous ancients, and the confusion of tongues, attributed to miracle, are but the natural changes of language through long ages of time, by processes perfectly familiar to modern intelligence.

It is a pleasing reflection that the cultivated nations of our time are so nearly related by blood and language as to be still the same and perfected type of the common stock and primeval race, and that all of their history and their achievements in arts, science and literature, civil policies, laws and religion are the joint and common property.

After the dark ages, letters revived contemporaneously, in Italy, France, Spain, Germany, Denmark and England, and modern governments and modern literature and learning were the out-growth of our common Gothic stock and origin, improving upon all the learning and wisdom of the past—BOCCACCIO, DANTE and PETRARCH, GOETHE, SCHILLER and CHAUCER, CERVANTES, SHAKSPEARE, BACON, BURNS, SCOTT, MOORE, BURKE and CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN belong to our common race and language.

The Byzantine Empire, constructed on the ruins of Imperial Rome, the British Empire, and our own grand and free republic, were of common origin, and the immortal ALFRED and CHARLEMAGNE and their renowned knights, were blue-eyed cousins, and their marvellous deeds in arms and gallantry, in common with the wild warriors and stormy sea-kings of the land of ODIN, form the common refrain of the songs of the Troubadours, Trouvesters and Minstrels of the Continent, the Scalds of Scandinavia, and the Bards of Britian. What a grand, pure and poetic religion, that made heaven the place of glorious rewards for virtue and bravery, and peopled hell with sneaking traitors and trembling cowards; that made angels of women and ministering vestals the companions of the gallant and the brave; that peopled the everglades and avenues of the dark woods with elves, sprites and fairies; that wove garlands and told domestic stories to adorn and cheer their social

homes, and bind together the unities of the household and the hearth. We still retain, in their mild and beneficent influences, although, perhaps, forgetful of their original significance, these household rites, ceremonies, stories and songs, common to our paternal race; and our youth and maidens still dance and play beneath the mistletoe bough, with our Celtic ancestors among the Druid oaks of Britian. Here in America the same races again commingle to work out a still higher development and a grander and more glorious national destiny.

In our government and institutions we have improved upon all the splendid models of the past, in the interest of freedom, of thought and conscience, of civil liberty and equal rights. We have sprung into existence as a nation full grown, like the fabled goddess from the head of Jupiter, and our first great statesmen and philosophers rivaled those of any age or country. We started upon our national career from the highest vantage ground of history, holding in our hands the accumulated possessions of our wonder-working race of thousands and thousands of years. We have planted our empire upon a new and wide Continent, covered with renovated richness and beauty, but concealing beneath the soil the relics and ruins of extinguished and mysterious races of men, whose strange history it is our business to explore to the extent of our cultivated ability. We are employing every means that an intelligent liberality can suggest, to gather up the threads and vestiges of the preceding occupants of this Western World, and to preserve the stirring and stormy incidents and events of our own early settlements and subsequent history. To this end, we have formed and cherished our Historical Collection and Society in our own favored and rapidly improving State.

Our material physical progress, discoveries and improvements, in the last half century, have excelled those of all past time. Our moral and intellectual advancement should, and I trust will, keep pace with our national and material aggrandizement. For what we do for the moral and intellectual ele-

vation and refinement of our people, for the diffusion of general education and knowledge, for the purification of the channels of our public opinion, for the cultivation of letters, literature and law, for the pure practices of our consistent, humanizing and soul-saving and holy religion, and for the preservation of our history in imperishable records and archives, future generations will rise up to call us blessed.

Permit me to say a word more particularly concerning the Society, whose anniversary we are here to celebrate. In the winter of 1854, I had the honor to introduce the bill in this Assembly Hall for the first organization of the society as a State institution. In the summer of 1852, I also had the honor to write one of the letters that brought to our State and to this infant Society, from the city of Philadelphia, our invaluable and worthy Corresponding Secretary, LYMAN C. DRAPER, whose indefatigable labors under the fostering care of the State, have accomplished such grand and magnificent results for our Society. In this short time our library proper has grown from the contents of a small case of three feet by six, to 35,000 volumes, and our collection of memorials, manuscripts, geological and mineral specimens, and the other numberless things of interest and incalculable value, now fill and adorn an entire wing of the capital, and are already densely packed and crowded for want of more space. Mr. DRAPER, our Secretary, is a small, and feeble man, and we may not long enjoy the active benefits of his correspondence and labor. While we have him, we should value and encourage him. He is worth his weight in gold to this Society and the State.

My friend D. S. DURRIE, the Librarian, who has long devoted his entire time to the arranging, preserving and indexing this valuable collection of historical matter, has become as familiar to us as the binding of his books, and has nearly lost his identity among the collected specimens of the department, deserves justly, as he receives, the appreciative recognition of the State for his long and faithful service to the Society.

Permit me to thank you, my fellow-citizens and the members of the Legislature, for your patronage of, and interest in this Society, and, on behalf of myself, for your kind attention and patient hearing of this wandering discussion and unsatisfactory address. And, finally, from our high stand-point, at this favored time and age of the world, while we look back over the misty mazes of the world's history, until our vision is lost in the dark back ground of antiquity, and see nation after nation like succeeding generations of men, marching in solemn procession one after another to the burial of the dusty dead, let us not forget the sad warning that comes to us from the mournful past, like a funeral knell:

“The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
 All that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
 Await alike the inevitable hour,  
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

## CONDITION OF THE SOCIETY.

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A synopsis of the Annual Report of the Society, Jan. 1, 1869, shows: That the receipts into the General Fund the past year were \$1,075.92; disbursements \$803.63, together with \$56.63 collected as members' fees, donations, &c., transferred to the Binding Fund, which, with \$8 accruing interest, has increased that Fund from \$108.10 last year, to \$172.73. We respectfully plead for contributions to this permanent and much needed Fund.

The past and present condition of the Library are shown in the following table:

	Vols. Added.	Docs. & Pamp's.	Both Together.	Total in Lib.
1854, January 1.....	50	.....	50	50
1855, January 2.....	1,000	1,000	2,000	2,050
1856, January 1.....	1,065	2,000	3,065	5,115
1857, January 6.....	1,005	300	1,305	6,420
1858, January 1.....	1,024	959	1,983	8,403
1859, January 4.....	1,107	500	1,607	10,010
1860, January 3.....	1,800	723	2,523	12,535
1861, January 2.....	837	1,134	1,971	14,504
1862, January 2.....	610	711	1,321	15,825
1863, January 2.....	544	2,373	2,917	18,742
1864, January 2.....	248	354	604	19,346
1865, January 3.....	520	226	746	20,092
1866, January 2.....	368	806	1,174	21,266
1867, January 3.....	923	2,811	3,734	25,000
1868, January 4.....	5,462	1,043	6,505	31,505
1869, January 1.....	2,838	682	3,520	35,025
	<u>19,401</u>	<u>15,654</u>	<u>35,025</u>	

The British Patent Office Reports have formed the extraordinary addition of the year to the Library, extending over a period from 1617 to the present time, and numbering 2,392

volumes. We are indebted to the British Government for this valuable donation.

The bound newspaper files now number 1,428 volumes, of which 146 were published in the last century. The Picture Gallery has been increased by four oil portraits, making sixty-six altogether. Large additions have been made to the Cabinet.

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